The Sapphic Zone: The Girl Next Door by Be Obscene

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Summary: Nancy spends her free time helping the town's recluse, Joyce Byers. The two begin an unlikely bond. AU. Some sexual content and language. A continuation of my expanded universe The Sapphic Zone and my first Stranger Things story.

1. Chapter 1

My first Stranger Things fic. This is pretty much AU but the characters are relatively the same with a few minor changes. Think of it as a dark parody. It will be part of the same universe as some other stories I've written as part of the Sapphic Zone including Carrie, Hunger Games, and coming soon, Jennifer's Body and Twilight.

"Are you ready?" Steve Harrington asked as he passed Nancy the carton of eggs. Nancy Wheeler hadn't really fit in with any specific group in high school, she was an outsider.

"She's not going to do it," Laughed Tommy.

They had been planning this for a while, Tommy convinced Steve it would be funny to egg and toilet paper Joyce Byers' house. Joyce Byers was a recluse who never left her house, she believed the government was out to get her and something about aliens or at least that's what everyone in town said.

"No fucking way she's going to do it!" Carol, Tommy's girlfriend larked.

Nancy knew she had to do this; it was like her right of passage into the cool kids' group. "You don't have to, Nan...," Steve began. Nancy took the carton and ran. Everyone followed with rolls of toilet paper.

Nancy didn't exactly have the best throw but she did manage to hit the mailbox, front door and window.

"Yeah, take that, bitch!" Shouted Tommy.

Nancy thought she was having fun until the porch light came on. The lights in the living room came on too, it was time to get out of there. While her new friends ran off down the street, Nancy hid behind a hedge to see if she could catch a glimpse of Joyce Byers.

Joyce burst through the front door. She looked tired and confused, her hair a shaggy mess. She looked around at the toilet paper strung

up on a tree and egg yolk on her front steps and door. She yelled something that sounded like obscenities. She walked all around flailing her arms about, tiring herself. She sat down on her step and wailed. Nancy had never felt so bad in her life, they were making a game out of this poor woman.

Steve ran back over to Nancy, "Come on, we gotta go!" He tugged her along reluctantly.

Nancy's concious ate at her all night, she couldn't imagine what it would be like to be a laughing stock. She thought about turning herself in but then how lame would that make her look? Steve would probably never talk to her again.

The next morning

Joyce hosed down her door step, muttering and cursing to herself in the early morning. "Fucking kids! Fucking shit heads!"

"Hi," Joyce turned and saw Nancy Wheeler standing in her driveway.

"Yes?!" She asked sharply.

Nancy looked so guilty, so naive, "Do you need any help?"

Joyce put down the hose and marched over to her, staring her down. "Did you do this?"

Nancy spoke softly, "Um, no...I just...I see that maybe you need a little help. I walk by here everyday here and we'll, maybe you need help sprucing it up."

"Oh, ok! So I'm a charity case am I?"

"No!"

"You've been spying on me then! You work for the government!"

Nancy held up her hands and backed up as Joyce got more in her face, "No!" She backed up against the wall, fearful that what they said about Joyce Byers might actually be true. Joyce held a stare for a few seconds without blinking. Nancy stood there with her arms stretched

out on the side of the house like a scarecrow.

"So you're telling me my house is ugly?" Nancy found herself unable to remember how to talk, she shook her head.

"I-I'm sorry, Miss Byers. I-I'm Nancy..."

"I know who you are, Nancy Wheeler."

Nancy almost forgot that her brother was best friends with Joyce's youngest son, or at least used to be. "You can help me scrub the egg off my door," she threw a soapy sponge at her.

Nancy really wasn't used to this kind of house work but she did have it coming after what she did. She even pulled some weeds. After 20 minutes or so, Joyce invited her inside.

"I guess I can get you a glass of water or something."

Nancy wasn't sure, "You want me to come inside?"

"Yes," Joyce sighed, "That's where the water is."

Nancy knew this was how kids went missing or how idiots got themselves killed in horror movies. Joyce opened the door for. Nancy couldn't wait to tell everyone she stepped inside and saw what the Byers' house looked like; if she made it out alive.

Tell me what you think so far. More soon!

2. Chapter 2

Nancy tries to help Joyce out of trouble. Please review.

Nancy was worried by Joyce Byers' eagerness to let her step foot into her home, her heart rate increased when the door was closed behind her. A quick look around, everything seemed not Mal, not a house as well kept as her own by any means though. She noticed a pile of light bulbs left on the coffee table. She followed her into the kitchen. On closer examination the living room was actually a mess, some wiring had been pulled out of the walls, the TV was smashed in. The kitchen was dark, no light bulb.

"Here," Joyce handed her a glass filled with water from the sink. Nancy didn't trust it, she couldn't get over its yellow tinge, "What's wrong?"

"Uh, nothing," she drank it out of fear.

"Look, sorry if I'm not exactly in a great mood today."

"That's ok..."

"I guess you want to know what's with the lights and my TV," she folded her arms.

Nancy was tripping over her words, she didn't want her to think she was making fun of her; it was hard being as short for her age as she was, she felt especially small when she couldn't avert Joyce's glare.

"Uh...well..."

"The government's been spying on me. You know that lab they've got up on the hill?" Nancy nodded, "Yeah...I saw something and they know it...some experiment they've been working on. They already took by boys away."

"Didn't your husband take custody?" Nancy clues in to what she just said and this clearly annoyed Joyce but she ignored it and poured herself a glass.

"It just goes to show that no matter what you do to fight the system you'll never win. They always find a way to screw you over," Nancy was taking in what she said, trying to decide whether she might really be crazy or maybe there could be some truth to what she was saying; maybe she was staring at her a little too long, "What?"

"Um, nothing," she took another gulp of water.

"Their fucking experiment showed up on my TV. I think that's how it gets around. I think it can even make people do things they don't want to do."

"Like what?"

"It's responsible for me losing my job, I know that much."

"What did it look like?"

"You don't have to humour me. I know you don't believe me."

Nancy decided to get going, but told Joyce she could return to help her if she needed it. She didn't really want to go home, her parents were fighting lately. She wasn't sure about hanging out with Steve after what happened. She knew her friend Barb was disapproving of him and his asshole friends. She tried calling Barb but she was apparently too busy for her which had to be her way of saying, 'You were too busy for me'.

She stayed in her room most of the day thinking about Joyce Byers. She knew it was strange but she wanted to find out more about what she said, she knew that science institute was kind of creepy, no one in town really knew what went on in there besides military tests maybe. It was about 10:30PM, she must've dozed off, she sat up in her bed and saw some strange green glow coming from outside. She went to her window and saw what looked like a green fog and it was heading for Joyce Byers' house.

Something was happening and she had to find out what it was. She hadn't used her bike in ages but she had an impulse to get over to Joyce as quickly as possible. She could hear her parents arguing in their room when she snuck out.

No lights on when she peddled up the driveway, she was terrified by just how much of the fog surrounded the house. Nancy knocked on the door, "Joyce?" She didn't yell it very loud, as if she didn't want to disturb her; she was hoping maybe it was nothing but she hadn't seen green fog be gore, especially not one that acted like it was being controlled.

The door swung open and Joyce pulled her inside, "Why did you come here?"

"I wanted to see if you were ok!"

"Well that was stupid! Quick, come with me!"

They stowed away into a closet. Joyce put something on her head, it was covered in run foil, she had one for Nancy. Nancy looked at it hesitantly, "It's so they can't read our thoughts."

She put it on. So far this wasn't how she planned on spending her Saturday, crouched down inside of a closet wearing a tin foil hat.

"What is that stuff outside?"

"I don't know. Some gas maybe. It's like it's alive. It's probably after me. Maybe I told you too much."

"Wait, so it could kill us?!"

"You shouldn't have come here, Nancy!"

It was dead quiet outside, not even a cricket. "Maybe it's gone," Nancy reached for the knob but Joyce grabbed her wrist.

"We might be stuck here all night!"

They sat there staring at each other for what felt like eternity but in reality was closer to 40 minutes. Joyce decided to take her chances and take a look. Nancy wasn't sure about letting her go but didn't have much choice.

Joyce found nothing in the living room, complete darkness but when she stepped into the kitchen she found the green fog had seeped

through. It had an odour that was hard to put into words. More fog came in as a gust of wind blew in her face. Joyce coughed hard almost as bad as the first time she'd ever smoked a cigarette. It was overpowering her, her sides hurt and she started to blackout.

Nancy rushed into the kitchen, by that time all of the fog was gone. "Are you ok?"

Joyce turned to her with an off smile on her face, Nancy was taken off guard. There was even something about her eyes, they were darker, almost black.

"Why yes, Nancy. I've never felt better!"

Find out what's happened to Joyce next chapter!

3. Chapter 3

A glimpse into the Hawkins' lab. Joyce goes through some changes. Thanks to Master of the Bioy foe helping with this. Thanks to all for following this story! Let me know what you think!

June.22/1976

Inside of the Hawkins Scientific Institute. Scientists in white lab coats bustle the narrow halls. Martin Brenner, head of the lab walks with authority. He meets with a distinguished looking woman in a black dress suit.

"Miss Sprav," he acknowledged.

She spoke in a thick German accent, "Doctor," she corrected.

"Right..."

Lotte Sprav was known to be an uptight and also controversial figure in her homeland, so much so that she had to find work elsewhere and of all the places it had to be Hawkins, Indiana.

"So good to finally meet, Doctor Brenner," her handshake was firm and well gripped.

"Likewise, Doctor Sprav, I have much to go over with you. We are indeed very pleased about your work. Your legend precedes you." They both shared in a rather diabolical chuckle. Brenner led her down a secret set of stairs, this led down to a secure set of doors that you could only pass through with a DNA sample. He assures her that everything for her would be set up to get into the restricted parts of the lab. The doors led down a hall, he walked her to a foggy window. Sprav was distracted by the armed guards, she was used to it back home but this seemed strangely out of place.

"What do you have in there?"

"Still not exactly sure."

There was a lot of snarling and growling but the room was kept so dark and with what appeared to be something like a green smoke filling the room it was hard to figure out what it could be. Sprav was a bit disturbed by how calm Brenner was. She wasn't sure exactly what else Brenner did here and maybe she didn't want to know.

"Is it some kind of side project?"

"Actually, I was thinking it could be used in your work," he smiled.

Sprav almost came close to laughing but the seriousness on Brenner's face made her catch herself. "You can't really mean...I do not toy around with beasts. I am no mad scientist!"

"Yes, I know but we've tested this things DNA and it is reacting very interesting..."

Sprav was intrigued, "And you think this will help in the future of women studies?"

"And beyond."

"Where exactly did you find this thing?" She couldn't contain her curiosity or joy.

June.22/1986

Hawkins, Indiana. Joyce Byers' house. Joyce was saddened that Nancy left in such a hurry, something about remembering to have to get up early. She knew she frightened her. The way she bolted away like that; and here she was only trying to help, Joyce had to go and ruin the connection she had to the outside world.

She stared at herself in the bathroom mirror after dousing her face in water, she felt so strange after coming into contact with that fog. The woman she saw in her reflection seemed off, it was her no doubt but way more off than usual. For one she was smiling and another, those eyes were like emerald.

"Don't you feel good?" The scary version of herself asked.

Joyce froze in fear, she felt like passing out but answered herself, "I-I must've finally lost it!"

"Well, you lost maybe the one friend you had in this world. How does it feel, Joy? To drive everyone you care about away from you?"

"Hey, fuck you!"

The reflection laughed back at her, showing her sharp teeth. Joyce was getting more freaked out by this. She checked her teeth to be sure they were normal and not the wolf fangs her other self had sprouted.

"She'll be back...maybe. she likes you. Do you like her?"

Joyce felt shy all of a sudden, "Yes..."

The monster laughed, "Yes a nice little schoolgirl for us!"

"Huh?"

"Please, you know you want a piece of that!"

Joyce wasn't sure what to say, "I have no idea what you're talking about! You think I'm some kind of predator?"

"Come on, she's in high school. Sleeping with a woman was on your bucket list wasn't it?"

"Yes but..."

"But what? It's perfect. You haven't been laid in years. It's time to feel appreciated again."

"But I'm not attracted to Nancy Wheeler," she protested, her voice cracked a little so it wasn't that convincing.

"Sure about that? You can't deny your feelings, Joy. You have to take what's yours!"

Joyce put both hands on the top of her head as if ready to pull her hair out of either side. "This is so crazy!"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Even if I did want Nancy...she would never want some old crazy woman like me!"

"I think she's already into you. Tomorrow she certainly will be," she smiled so devilishly.

Joyce gulped, "What does that mean?"

"Forget it. It's late. Time for you to get some beauty rest."

Joyce thought she'd take her delusion's advice and go lie down, clear her head. She was sure she'd be fine.

Nancy woke up feeling somewhat refreshed. She was trying to piece together what happened the previous night. She showered, got dressed and found out Steve called. She contemplated, wondered if she should bother calling him now or later. Then she remembered Joyce. She should go check up on her and see how she was.

She had these weird memories, something about a green mist or fog surrounding Joyce's home. She wasn't sure what brought on that nightmare. She saw her bike lying in front of the house, weird she hadn't ridden that in ages. She bikes over to Joyce's.

She was getting some wicked Dejavu walking up to the front door and ringing the bell. The door flung open and out stepped a young woman.

"M-Ms Byers?"

It was Joyce but you almost couldn't tell, she looked like a younger sister even a daughter if she ever had one. Sure she still had the messy hair and old clothes but no wrinkles or cow's feet to speak of.

"Hello there, Nancy!"

"Y-you...look great." Nancy found herself slightly intimidated, she was like a babe and she still looked like a little girl.

"Thank you. Want to come inside?"

Nancy happily obliged and entered the home. It looked different, cleaner. The smashed in TV was gone. They sat on the couch and drank tea.

"I think I had a crazy dream last night...there was all this green stuff and we were in a closet...," she struggled to trace back the steps of this dream, like a thick green fog, "Wait! That really happened didn't it?"

"Yes...pretty crazy."

"And that stuff did this to you?" She was still amazed but also terrified.

Joyce remained calm, her eyes a tint of green, "I've heard no complaints."

"This still seems wrong," she was quiet for a moment. She had an idea but she knew just how risky it was, "What if we go visit that lab?"

Joyce smirked, "You want to break into a secret government lab?"

"I didn't say break in. It's a long shot but we deserve answers."

It was surprising to see how a young girl like Nancy could act so assertive and sure of herself, "You're sure?"

"Yeah," she hesitated a bit, still a little unsure about Joyce's new look and behaviour, "Do you want to come with me?"

"Just let me slip into something more comfortable and I'll be right with you," she hopped over the couch and ran to her room. Nancy was startled by her energy, she really did de-age some how, like she was 20 years younger. She came back wearing a hooded sweater and jeans, nothing out of the ordinary, "Let's go!"

They walked up the trail behind the house. Joyce kind of skipped along and acted like she didn't have a care in the world. "Are you ok, M..."

"You can just call me Joyce you know. Or Joy."

"Oh, ok."

Joyce looked her up and down with this kind of knowing smile, kind of cheeky, Nancy wondered if she should be worried. They kept walking and out of nowhere Joyce put her arm around Nancy, getting a little too close. "Can't be too careful around here."

They both heard cracking, like sticks and leaves getting crunched. There was movement up ahead but it wasn't government agents or monsters, it was Steve and his friends. They were drinking beer and for the most part up to no good.

"Look who it is," said Carol with some snark.

"Miss Goody Two Shoes!" Tommy said mid-belch.

Steve smiled awkwardly at her, "Hey, where have you been? Want a beer?"

She shook her head, "Likely not a good idea."

"Yeah, where have you been?" Carol asked.

"Who is that?" Tommy was floored that he hadn't noticed who she was with.

All eyes were on Joyce; Nancy had to think of something fast, "Um, this is Joy. She's from out of town."

Joyce waved shyly, "Hi!"

"You know, she kind of looks like you know who," Tommy laughed obnoxiously, Carol did also followed by a reluctant Steve.

Nancy remembered the phone call, "Hey, sorry I missed your call."

"It's cool."

"Did you want to maybe hangout later?"

He seemed unsure, "Something actually came up...rain check?"

Joyce noticed Tommy and Carol holding some laughter in.

"Yeah, sure," Nancy knew he was rejecting her, he'd likely go out with someone like Joyce the way she was now.

"We should get going, Steve," Tommy said after crushing his empty beer can.

"Yeah. Check you later, Nancy," Steve said walking by.

"Check you later, Nancy," Carol mocked.

"Hey, Joy, what you doing later?" Tommy joked causing Carol to elbow him.

Nancy had never felt so helpless. Joyce brought her into a hug after they were out of sight. "Forget about him, Nancy."

"But..."

"You could do a lot better."

"I'm such a loser," she sunk her face into Joyce's bosom.

"You are not a loser, Nancy Wheeler."

Nancy felt something weird under Joyce's sweater, "Joyce what is that?"

"What? Oh sorry, I almost forgot. I've been meaning to get this off my chest..."

She unzipped her sweater partially to reveal some very ample cleavage, like her breasts were ready to explode under pressure. Nancy's eyes widened, her eyes were like saucers. "Whoa!"

"I know right?"

"Those look so nice."

Joyce heaved her chest forward, "Want to feel them?"

"Huh? No, not here!..I mean not ever!"

Joyce laughed and pulled her back into a hug. "I've been thinking about you. I really like you, Nancy," she sniffed Nancy's hair.

"I like you too."

"I feel like you're my only friend...maybe the best friend I've ever had."

"R-really?"

"Yes. I get so lonely. Don't you ever get lonely?"

"Yeah...I guess so..."

"You're so cold...we should go back."

"Go back to your place?"

"Yes. We can go to the lab some other day. It's not going anywhere."

She gave Nancy her hand which she accepted and they headed back. Unknown to them, there was a camera watching them from the top of a tree.

Doctor Brenner watched them with his security team, observing their actions all the way back to Joyce's home.

Doctor Brenner's assistant made notes, "Are you sure we're ready for the next phase?"

"Yes. I've gotten the results I wanted. This should be promising."

"I still don't see why we have to subject them to this." Every so often Brenner's colleagues would question his decisions even if that meant their jobs.

"We've never tested this on the public. I have to know. Plus I don't like it when people try to hone in on my research and jeopardize it. It serves this woman right for meddling."

His young assistant remembered something he meant to tell him sooner, "Oh, sir. We believe Doctor Sprav has been located."

Brenner smiled thinly with pride, "Good. Bring her to me."

More soon! Things get steamy and complicated. The Sapphic Zone: Special Needs (a Jennifer's Body story) coming soon!

4. Chapter 4

Sorry for the delay! Nancy and Joyce get a little closer. But how will things escalate? Please review! I'm working on the next story for The Sapphic Zone, Special Needs. Coming soon!

Nancy sat down on the couch while Joyce went to get her something to drink. "Why don't you see what's on?" Joyce called from the kitchen.

Nancy couldn't find the remote, then she remembered the state of the TV. She laughed nervously at the joke, wondering if it was such a good idea to go back to the house that once had green fog billowing around it. Joyce sat down next to her new friend with two glasses of what appeared to be pink lemonade but was clearly was a much more adult beverage than she was led to believe.

While Joyce drank hers without a care, Nancy was sniffing and studying her glass. "Joyce, what is this?"

"It's fine."

"I can't drink this...I'm not old enough."

Joyce smiled at her naivety, "Please, everyone your age is doing it. It's good. I promise."

Nancy didn't think she'd have to deal with anymore peer pressure after her ordeal with Steve and his friends. She took a sip of it, the bitter, sour and sweet tastes and sudden burning sensation to her throat made her wince. "It's an aquired taste for sure but it really grows on you."

Nancy was on the verge of gagging but managed to keep it together, "I never really saw myself as a drinker."

"It makes you feel good."

Though Joyce appeared happy on the surface, Nancy wanted to find out what was really underneath. "Does it make you feel good?"

Joyce seemed to be holding back, she bit her bottom lip and smirked, "Uh, yeah." Nancy wished she would let her in. She put a hand on top of hers, not exactly sure what she was trying to do herself. "You're going to spend the night. Right?"

"You want me to stay over?"

"Yeah, it can be like a sleepover."

Nancy wasn't sure about how she would go about explaining this to her parents. She could lie about where she was spending the night. She had doubts that Barb would cover for her.

"I don't know..."

"Just say you're spending the night...with your new friend Joy."

Nancy thought about it, it was crazy but it would have to do, "Ok." She couldn't use Joyce's phone since she had done away with it since the threat of being spied on but there was a payphone not far from there.

Meanwhile, Brenner was growing impatient. "How come the girl isn't showing any sign of the symptoms?"

"No idea, sir," his assistant observed on his monitor, "We have experienced rare occurances of immunity in the past. A very rare one. It could also have to do with her age. She could be too young for the effects."

"She's a teenager. This should be easy!" He was making his assistant uneasy, he knew this was more to do with a vendetta than science, something he didn't sign up for. "What else can we do that won't raise suspicion?"

"Sir, don't you think you're pushing this too far?"

Brenner went right quiet. He leaned in on the young man and said, "Do you have some kind of moral objection to what we're doing?"

"Uh, no but..."

"But what?"

"The girl has nothing to do what happened between you and Joyce Byers."

Brenner shook his head, "It doesn't matter. She should've known to stay away from the town nutcase. She volunteered as a test subject the moment she entered that house. Now is there anything else?"

He didn't want to jeapordize his job, "We could try running it through her water."

"Hmmm. Interesting. OK, do that ASAP and get back to me with some positive results."

Nancy called home on the payphone, a whole speel about going over to a new girl's house. Joyce waited for her to get the go ahead. As she waited impatiently she noticed an ad for the local drive-in.

"OK. She bought it. I hope. She knows about Steve but I think she trusts me."

"Why don't we go to the drive-in tonight?"

Nancy liked that idea but wondered what people might think if she saw her in a car with another woman. "You have a car?"

Of course being a recluse meant not going anywhere so her old station wagon remained in the garage for a long enough time. Joyce started it with no issue, though it sputter and shake a little more than she last remembered. "Look at that, first try!"

Nancy found her excitement infectious. She buckled herself in and they were off. "So, what's playing anyway?"

"Oh, Um...Aliens?" Nancy wasn't much for horror, "I'll hold your hand."

Nancy laughed, "Ok."

The drive-in was packed, not surprising seeing that school was out now for the summer. Nancy was getting more worried, she didn't

want to look weird. She knew there was such a thing as girls dating girls but that wasn't widely accepted, especially in her town.

"I'll go get us some popcorn."

"Cool. Thanks. Can you get me a coke?" Nancy asked.

"Sure."

When she left to get their snacks from the concession stand, Nancy sank low in her seat and looked around cautiously for any sign of Steve or his friends; there were a lot of kids around. She swore she spotted the back of Steve's head, same height and tall hair with some other girl. When they turned she ducked, she wasn't sure why. She just became so scares especially after he brushed her off that day.

Joyce got back into the car with a large bag of popcorn. "Hey, what are you doing down there?" She laughed.

Nancy sat upright and grabbed some popcorn from the bag rested in Joyce's crotch. She had to cover her eyes multiple times throughout the movie, she couldn't handle much of gore. Joyce though didn't seem to mind. Nancy was getting closer and closer to the bottom of the popcorn bag.

"There's a surprise at the bottom of the bag," Joyce flashed Nancy with this devious smile.

Nancy didn't know what that could possibly mean. She got closer to the bottom and felt something strange. She poked her fingers around the strange, hairy, damp bottom. Joyce smiled proudly at her.

"W-What is that?"

Joyce crinkled her nose and tilted her head back, "Yeah, that's the spot!"

Nancy didn't clue in to what was going on until she slid her fingers deeper into a moist, fleshy opening. "Joyce?"

"That's it, just like that!"

Nancy now knew what was happening but made no effort to stop even when she felt it was wrong. Joyce let her boobs flop out. Nancy was feeling an unbelievable wave of lust come over her. Joyce pinched her own nipples, begging Nancy to suckle on them while she came to an orgasm. Nancy didn't fight it, she sucked on both of those suckers while getting off her new friend; such a multitasker that Nancy Wheeler.

Joyce's juices got all over Nancy's slender fingers; as she came, she had her nipple bit down agressive by Nancy who was giving her a playfully sinister look with her teeth biting down. Joyce gasped and called out rather comically. Nancy was shocked at what she had done but oddly satisfied all the same; if only Steve could see her now.

"Taste it."

For some reason, Nancy felt the need to honour her request. She brought her fingers out if the bottomless bag and into her mouth. A different taste but sweet none the least.

A flashlight shining into their window spoiled their fun. It was from far away but it was getting closer. Neither of them wanted to get caught. Joyce drove them both out of there with a complete disregard for those around her.

What will happen next? Will Brenner be satisfied or is there more he has in store?

5. Chapter 5

Probably one more chapter after this one. Nancy stumbles across some answers that could effect hers and Joyce's lives forever. Special thanks to Master of the Boot for helping me with this one.

Don't forget to check out the new Sapphic Zone story Special Needs. It's sexy. It's kinky. It's different!

They went over the speed limit to get home, 50 miles over to be exact. Nancy was quiet, Joyce looked over at her and laughed at that stone face of hers, so serious. Nancy looked down at the hand that performed the unthinkable.

Joyce rushed her back into the house. Nancy was almost dead weight, she had to almost pick her up by the shoulders. She left her by the doorway to the kitchen to fetch them both some water.

"What are you doing?" Nancy asked like a small child.

"I'm getting us water, dear!"

That's when something happened, something inside Nancy kicked until, like something inside took hold of her and wouldn't let go. Joyce felt Nancy's arms wrap around her waist from behind; the biggest shock was just how strong she was for a girl her size. Joyce became overwhelmed by the sensations of the teenager kissing her neck.

"Oh...ah...," Joyce continued to moan, "You're making me wet."

Nancy put her hands down the older woman's pants, something she thought she could get used to. She was much more agressive than Joyce, she pushed her up against the fridge, moving from necking to deep french kissing. Nancy squeezed her clothed breasts, knowing how much Joyce would love the attention.

They were both lost into each other. Joyce lifted Nancy into her arms and took her over to the couch. She ripped Nancy's shirt open,

shocking her but also arousing her further and more willing to get out of her pants. Nancy had a very small build but that didn't stop Joyce from getting rough; it had been so long since she'd had sex of any kind. Her boobs sprang out of her bra, hitting Nancy in the process. She grabbed them on instinct.

"That's it, Nancy! Play with my titties!" Nancy sucked on them, flicking her tongue on the hard brown nipples. "Ooh! That's it little girl! You suck on my big tits! Suck on momma's big tits!"

Joyce switched places with Nancy, lifting her up on top of her with her vagina in her face; she'D never licked pussy before and it seemed like a good idea right about now. Luckily, Nancy didn't object to this either and got to licking her before Joyce could.

Brenner sat comfortably watching his subjects 69. A female assistant that took over her collegue's shift showed more unease for her boss's work.

"She didn't even need the water. Nasty little slut, isn't she?" The assistant frowned. "What?"

"Don't you think it's time to call it a day?"

Brenner didn't seem the least bit tired. "What, not having fun?" She just looked at him smugly. "Is Doctor Spav with us yet? Where is she being held?"

The assistant cleared her throat, "She gave them the slip, sir...she must've been tipped off some how."

"She what?" He got up from his chair, "I will not let her get away again. I want that area combed! When I get back, I want to see her! " He paused, "And send me a tape of this..."

Nancy woke up in Joyce's arms, she had been long passed out. For some reason there was a sound of TV static but the television had been smashed in my the town crazy ages ago. She went to the sink. She forgot that she was naked; what a crazy night. The tap was acting

funny, like it was backed up. She turned and turned until she finally got cold water to run out. One touch to the lips however and she was feeling what she imgained what drugs were like. She felt so loopy, a strange sensation crawling in the back of her head and throughout her body. She felt heavy, no longer the shrimp she felt like before.

"Wh-hat?" Her behind was feeling inflated and so was her chest. "What a RACK!" Nancy bounced up and down to enjoy the bounce of her newly grown C-cups. But she realized this wasn't normal. Something was in the water. That green fog. That lab. It was all connected. She didn't want to investigate on her own but she had no choice, she must take charge.

That static again. Nancy saw the smashed TV only slightly cracked now,. There was a house and it looked awfully familiar to her. "I know that house!" She put her clothes on and headed out the door. It was an old farmhouse thought to be abandoned.

Broken windows and animals making home there. Every bit about this felt like the starting scene of a John Carpenter movie and she was going to be the first victim.

With how lewd she'd been lately and how much her breast size had gone up, there was a very good chance that she'd be the slutty girl who got ended by the serial killer first. But this was the only way for her to find out the source of the mysterious contagion in the water and find out who was making it and if there was a cure.

She'd hardly managed to gather her thoughts together when the door was flung open and somebody shoved the business end of a AK-47 into her face. Nancy stuttered and her life flashed before her eyes, then the person holding the gun grabbed her by the bra and dragged her inside.

In a whirlwind of action, the owner of the home hauled Nancy onto the couch and bend over; exposing her own ponderous cleavage and battle ready gun.

Her heart pounding like a jackhammer, Nancy took stock of the woman holding her captive. Her wavy grey hair sparkled even in the

harsh glare of a fluorescent light rack in the fireplace. Twin jumbo tits struggled against her pressed white shirt and jiggled with every movement she made. Her Prussian features held such nobility to them that despite her advanced years, she might have been one of those rare women who only gets hotter with passing years.

"Lotte Sprav?" Nancy croaked out.

This caused the older woman to narrow her bright blue eyes and Nancy; her lab coat rattling with hidden devices, injections and god knew what else. "How you know my name?" she spoke with a thick East German staccato. "Man in Washington send you?"

"N-no!" Nancy struggled with her words as she both avoided the gun and struggled to avoid Lotte Sprav's large double E-cups. "I read about you in a Yale student magazine. You worked on a big birth control project before you disappeared."

Lotte shoved her gun further into Nancy's face, bending over more to show even more cleavage; behind her, her firm ass stretched her men's pants to the limit. "In USSR they kick me out of University for having too large bosom. East German pull funding of my research because it make female comrades control fertility. CIA turn me into criminal when they steal my research and use it for war." Her cerulean eyes bulged, "I have much anger and too many bullets, speak now."

Controlling her breathing, Nancy tried to explain herself while covertly admiring the woman's good looks before she died. "Where I live, and in a few other towns; there's something in the water. Doesn't do anything to the men bu the women are different; they're like animals."

Lotte cocked her head and put down her gun, but didn't put the safety on. "Vas?" she asked herself before without a by-your-leave she leaned in and kissed Nancy with full tongue.
Nancy didn't have the chance to kiss back before Lotte has grabbed both her breasts and tweaked the nipples.

Yelping into the German woman's lips, she was left tasting the woman before she pulled back.

The elderly, unstable East German woman ran her tongue around her mouth before a shocking realization struck her. "It is . . . very dilute but the formula is the same."

"What formula?" Nancy demanded, "Is it deadly?" Mental images of small towns being destroyed in every Stephen King novel she'd ever read ran through her mind.

"Before CIA steal my research and brand me criminal," the German woman explained, "I work with fine American doctor to combine human and super-terrestrial DNA."

"Aliens?" Nancy looked at the woman skeptically.

Not from Mars," Lotte assured her, "But from place I call Upside Down Land. We found samples of creature code named Demogorgon." She chuckled and finally put down her gun. "Let me show you its features.

A few steps and a secret passage way later, Nancy stood in the centre of a true, blue mad scientist's lab. All around her exotic science apparatus and data monitors beeped and hummed.
On one wall were hundreds of photographs. Many of them made Nancy blush and cross her legs; dozens of women in lab gowns pleasuring themselves and each other. There were others however much less erotic.

Lotte pointed to one slightly blurred photograph of some kind of grey skinned, leech faced monster; which none the less had a very impressive pair of gravity defying boobs and a curvy, firm ass. Too bad they belonged to a monster that looked like it enjoyed eating human faces.

"Subject Demogorgon belong to all female species," Lotte elaborated, tapping her finger for too long on the Demogoron's large pointy nipples. "Studies find that during mating season, certain female metamorphosis into dominant male-analogue to stimulate parthenogenesis and gene randomization."

Most of this seemed surreal but Nancy chose to nod her head.

The German woman gestured to the pictures as a whole. "Myself und Doctor worked with the subject's DNA to create a formula which would allow women to control their ovulation, eliminate monthly period and cure all sexually transmitted disease."

"Project had side effect of massively increased libido in human trial and minor body changes," The good doctor then gestured to her fine body. "It was so successful myself and Doctor Helsinki used ourselves as test subjects," she laughed as she slapped her own ass with pride.

Nancy had to gulp to stop herself from doing something naughty.

The German woman's tone grew bitter as she elaborated, "CIA declare project failure and say that women's health is a non-issue." She snarled, "But they steal my work when they find out it can lead to mind control; so i set off bomb, steal everything I can and I am on the run ever since."

Nancy dared a question, "So if it's in the water does this mean that they found the secret of this formula?"

Lotte pursed her full lips, "Maybe, you are changed but no way to guess long term problem without testing. You have lesbian lover, older woman?"

Nancy began to vigorously deny that when the German woman nodded.

"Yes I see, i must take water samples and blood samples and watch you both in the bedroom before I can make analysis."

"But why would you wan to see me and Joyce have sex?" Nancy asked the German woman with more than a hint of outrage.

Lotte shrugged, her bosom heaving, "Because I am horny and curious. It has been long since I have had woman in my bed, or watched woman who are not in Playboy."

"Just stick to the blood tests," Nancy warned the German woman.

Lotte shrugged once more, "Suit yourself, little girl; but I bring much experience and bounce to the sheets."

More soon!

Also I was thinking of writing an unrelated Sapphic story. An incest story involving the characters from Zombieland. Would anyone be cool with that? If not I probably won't do it. Until next time!

6. Chapter 6

This will be the last part for this Stranger Things fic but expect the characters to make appearances again as part of my Sapphic Zone series. Be sure to check out the next installment already in progress in my Sapphic Zone series: Special Needs (Jennifer's Body story). I am also going to write a Carrie/Ghost Whisperer story soon. I'm still on the fence about writing a Zombieland incest story. Let me know. Hope you enjoy!

Brenner's male assistant was in and Brenner was nowhere to be found, but chances were he didn't leave the building. He did find a spot to hold up in for those long work nights. He startled his assistant, coming up behind him with a cup of coffee.

"Any word about Sprav?"

The male assistant stammered, "Uh...no, sir but..."

"Where could she be hiding? She's a recluse. I can't imagine anyone taking her in."

"Yes, sir but..."

"What?" He sighed.

"The Demogorgon...it's gone, sir."

Brenner pushed his assistant aside to man the monitor. The survillsnce showed nothing in the room that remained the creature's home for all of these years. Sure it had been known to teleport but that seemed to be restricted.

"Fuck...maybe it's still in there. It might not want us to see it."

"What if it knows?"

Brenner frowned, "Knows what?"

"What we've been doing...it knows about your experiments."

"Don't be ridiculous! That thing hasn't shown that kind of intelligence!" He clicked on more cameras to see if it left the building. Then there was Joyce's home. He saw her pacing the living room in distress. "Has that girl not returned yet?"

"Uh..."

"For fuck sakes! She's a test subject!"

Joyce was getting worried. Nancy was gone without a trace. She paced around the house in a confused panic. What if she was taken? They were already spying on and tormenting her but now they really crossed the line. She could be locked up in some cold cell or being probed and studied on.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

She rushed to the door. Nancy stood there calmly. Joyce hugged her, forcing her face into her bosom. "Nancy! Where were you? Where did you go?'

Nancy held up a piece of paper. Marker scribbled on the page. Joyce didn't say anything. It read:

"They're listening to us. Pretend everything is fine. I know someone who can help us. Come with me."

"Do you want something to eat?" Joyce asked, playing along.

"We can pick up something on the way...to the park."

"Yes. Ok," she smiled.

Sprav got ready for them. She just hoped they wouldn't slip up and get followed, that was all she needed now after being on the run for so long. Nancy was instructed to give a secret knock to let her know it was her so she wouldn't shoot.

Sprav opened the door to see Nancy and a stunning looking young woman. "You are her older lover?" She stated bluntly.

Joyce gave Nancy a funny look and then back to Sprav, "Um...I

guess..."

"Come in. You have many questions I know."

She sat Joyce down and explained everything while she prepared to take blood samples from her and Nancy.

"Wait a minute! That thing! That...Demi..."

"Demogorgon," Sprav corrected her.

"That thing was on my TV! Ha! I knew I wasn't crazy!"

Sprav used peachery dishes to hold the blood samples, even using her own blood as an example of the long term effects. "Did you really need to draw so much blood?" Nancy asked, rubbing her arm.

"For science!" Proclaimed Sprav. Next she took a drop or two from the dish onto a slide and checked it under a microscope. "Yes! Good! Good!" She laughed to herself. "Miss Byers, you're neatly as horny as I am!"

"Is that the proper term?" Joyce laughed.

Nancy was miffed that they were taking this so lightly. "What about you, young lady?" She stuck her slide under the scope and adjusted, "Ha! very interesting!"

"What?" Nancy leaned forward in her chair.

"You show very different change than the two of us. Perhaps it do with age."

"I don't understand."

"Let's just say that everything on the outside of you has changed bur very little inside. Physically speaking the formula in the water you drank gave you the weight on your chest you so desperately need..."

"Yeah but...but all of the green stuff..."

"You locked in closet. Joyce got full blast. The green stuff as you call

it comes directly from Demogorgon. It's powerful. It is hard to control urges."

Joyce almost didn't realize she was playing with Nancy's hair. "Yes. I think I know what you mean."

"So are you trying to tell me that these feelings I have are my own?"

The doctor shrugged, "More or less."

"I want another test!"

The older woman liked how feisty she was. She took a wire and heated it on a bunson burner. She stuck it in the blood with her blood. It almost exploded. She reheated it and put it in Nancy's, it only bubbled.

"Don't worry, Nancy. I still really care about you...especially after last night."

Nancy looked coyly up at Joyce, "You do?" She nodded.

Meanwhile Lotte was getting off on this, one hand massaging down below while the other squeezed hard on her breast. Both women were mortified. "Oh, come on! This is completely natural!"

"She has a point!" Joyce ripped her shirt open, her breasts out in the open, she heaved them forward.

"Joyce!" Nancy was shocked, she knew she should feel appalled that she would do something so outrageous but more than anything just wanted to press her face between them.

"That is what I'm talking about!" Sprav ripped out of her lab coat, buttons shooting in all directions. "Come on, Nancy!"

Both women trapped her between them as they went in to kiss. Nancy held her hands out in protest. "But, wait! You said we'd find out how long this was supposed to last!"

"And we will…but first…" The older woman slowly forced her lips onto Nancy's. Nancy was distracted long enough for Joyce to get her

out of her top.

"But what about the lab? Shouldn't we do something?" Both women smiled at each other and signalled the other on what to do. Both sucked on Nancy's breasts causing her to swoon. All three of them were out of their clothes in no time and lost in their lustful bodies. It's too bad they had to be so rudely interrupted.

A screech like a banshee came from outside. "WHAT WAS THAT?!" cried Joyce.

"The Demogorgon! That bitch is near!"

"It escaped?" Nancy was puzzled.

Sprav grabbed her clothes and her gun, "Fun time over! We need to move!"

"Where are we going?" Joyce was terrified, everything that she feared, all of her nightmares were now a reality.

"We go to lab. It is our only chance! We take fight to them and Doctor Brenner!"

"He's the one behind this?"

"He was supposed to be my colleague but of course go madder than me with power! He's a real…prick as you say!"

Joyce didn't move, she was in a state of shock. "I don't think I can do this! I…I…I…"

Nancy took hold of her, "Joyce, we're going to make it through this!" she locked lips with her, taking charge. Sprav was intrigued and found the young girl's leadership quite arousing. The women ran out the back way of the house into the woods. The Demogorgon wasn't far behind. Sprav knew Brenner was overworking the thing for his own purposes without caring if he was abusing it or the people around him.

The women weren't only hiding from the dimensional being, the agents on Brenner's payroll were also out in full force combing the

woods for Sprav and the Demogorgon. Sprav knew of a hidden way of getting into the well guarded lab that started in a a large drain pipe that helped serve as her original escape.

RINGRINGRINGRINGRINGRINGINGRING

All three held their ears to save from the tremendous stinging of the alarms. The entire building was in lockdown, full alert with all guards and anyone with clearance was fully armed. The ladies emerged from an old hole dug by Sprav from her escape some time ago. Her old room was still in tact though much of her files and research were gone and likely moved to Brenner's office.

Lotte Sprav took a small device out of her pocket. "Uh…what's that?" Joyce was flustered.

"I've been saving these little guys. If I can get to the Demogorgon's lair, I can destroy it's pod. It will put an end to this once and for all… kind of a shame but I guess it is for the best." The door was locked, she kicked the door down, though she was worried it was sealed off from the other side. The hallway was almost fully red, emergency lights blinking and a ringing so powerful it was like after effects of a flash bomb.

Joyce and Nancy followed closely behind the unstable scientist, crouching down as people fled down the corridor not even paying them any attention. They made it to the lair, the same large window that Sprav remembered. She no longer had access but knew Brenner's pass could gain them anywhere.

Brenner was sitting in his office, a scotch poured and a gun in hand. The women forced open his door, all three shocked to see that the man was still there and so calm. "I knew you'd be back, Doctor…did I say that right?"

"Brenner, you cocksucker!"

"You want into that bitch's room. I knew you two were linked."

"What? I have no control over it!"

"You spent the most time collecting data. Then there was the

incident…" A run in with the monster that almost cost her her life left a scar on her collarbone. "It should be here soon. Maybe it will finish the job."

"I'm going to end this! You make mockery of science!"

He stood up, gun pointed at Sprav. "You're not damaging what I have worked so hard on! My life's work!"

"Your work?"

Jpyce pulled Nancy back, "Maybe we should let them work this out…" Brenner pointed the gun at them, leading them to the Demogorgon's cell. He used his card and they were in. Brenner stood there with the door still open, all intentions of sealing them in there to die.

"Thank you for your service to my country…maybe if you're lucky they'll name a skid row after you!" Brenner's female assistant came out of nowhere and slapped Brenner, he dropped his gun in shock. "What the fuck?" He steadied the back of his hand ready to strike her in response but before he could the experiment appeared. Brenner cowered in fear as the Demogorgon materialized, towering over him. The female assistant ran off. The three women had no escape now that their only exit was blocked.

Joyce and Nancy turned away before they could see what happened to Brenner, the last they saw was Brenner's head going into the abomination's mouth. There was a large spore on the wall, what must've been what Sprav meant by pod but now with the Demogorgon just outside this whole thing turned into a suicide mission.

Sprav took out the tiny grenade, something that looked like it came out of a cracker jack box was going to do some damage. The creature stared the woman down. Though it looked like it had no eyes it seemed to know Sprav and knew what she was holding. It pushed her aside and headed slowly for Joyce and Nancy. Joyce made Nancy stand behind her.

"Joyce what are you doing?" Nancy panicked.

"FUCK YOU, BITCH!" She screamed at the thing. The floor started to shake, the ceiling seemed to cave. A portal appeared, like a stargate, an orange swirl. The Demogorgon disappeared into it.

Sprav ran up to them. "We have to go!"

"Where did it go? Back to the upside down?" Nancy yelled.

"No, that's where the pod goes…I don't know where that leads but we have to go! We can't go back the way we came!"

"WHAT?!" Both Joyce and Nancy said at once.

"It is only chance we have!"

The whole building seemed to be on the verge of crashing down on them. Joyce made Nancy look at her and not the disaster around her. "We have to do this!"

"We don't even know where it comes out and that thing…"

"I know! But we'll figure out together ok?" Nancy thought about it, she understood, there was no other way. She nodded and kissed Joyce harder than she ever had before. They held hands and jumped into the unknown. Sprav stayed behind briefly to toss the grenade. She blew one final kiss to the building she once called home and leaped after her new friends. The entire room was engulfed in an explosion. It wasn't long before the entire building came down. Fire crews and police made the scene.

What was left of the institute, the research was gone but the formula all of the containers and barrels produced got into the town's water supply and epidemic commenced over several weeks. Many conspirators believed it was a government experiment gone horribly wrong. The situation was handled after discovering only women had effects from what they drank and whatever else was released into the air. THe government contained it and everything went back to normal and no other town experienced the levels of contamination again…or so they hoped.

No one ever heard from Joyce Byers or Nancy Wheeler. Their missing posters still up to this day. Now 2017, some people have come

forward stating they have seen the women in states such as Texas, North Dakota and even Canada but everyone claims they look just as they did in '86. One of those tales of the strange everyone guessed and nothing more.

The End?

Thank you for reading. I might have these characters show up again! Read Special Needs to find out!